

OH TROUBLE

My intentions are solid gold
past remembering. Look
where the trolley leads, down
Elm Street, on a mission
for the king. Who's gonna put
good money on an abstract
though fascinating plan. We want
a man with proven ability
so we can say when it's too late,
this guy was all we had, not
an ass-licker, not a brain,
but an ordinary guy like
ourselves. Yet, in all
the disturbance created
by our lack of knowing what to do,
we didn't learn a thing.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

If, on any one occasion, you're starved
for affection, or can't find the time
to do the things you want, does it matter?
I can't get over the way you arrange things.
You have the knack to live several lives,
several full-time positions, without
a mitigating thought. And this sacrifice,
in the interest of your invisible future,
is not a whit less important than the fact
that it's wasted, simply time down the drain,
for the raising of eyebrows, nuclear sub-
marines, and the like.

SUPERMAN BLUES

The turtle lip of doing it.
Fostered on us, holding us
sacred, leaving us no choice
but to constantly do it
and do it well.

The radical science of doing it.
Selectively go around
doing it, putting on the same
small show for others
who need to know
how it's done.

The cosa nostra of doing it.
Fabulous rewards for the burden
of not giving in. Doing it
to death, in front of millions
as if it had to be done.

The blond wig of doing it.
Forever doing it disguised
as someone else, thinking
this excuses the wearer
from being thought of as doing it.

The irony of doing it.
To think a lot
but do it anyway. In
the shadows like a blind man.
The reverse action of
negative doing it. Being aware.

Dying of doing it.
Committing suicide
on the golf course
in the sauna
in the abyss. The handshake
of doing it. Burying oneself.

-- richard snyder

Ossining NY

Dracula

Once, when my wife was a child, her mother smelled sulfur & brimstone, & feared the Evil Presence had locked her in the house. The child of course had been petrified. Telling me the story, however, we had a good laugh over it. How medieval!

Last night we took in a Dracula flick, a British one, & very well made. More than once Mary squirmed & wouldn't open her eyes till I assured her the grisliness was thru.

It was dark when we finally got out. The streets of this unfamiliar tropic port seemed menacing. Back at the hotel we latched the door safely behind us. Before coming to bed, under the influence of the night, of that evil face, & of that lugubrious castle, my wife donned her Egyptian cross. We spent all day on the beach & this evening, just a few moments ago, I watched with amused surprise as she moved toward the shower, darkly beautiful & naked but for that gold cross tied in her hair.

Lord of the Rood, of the Sun, of the Unknowable Name, forgive us our preposterous conceit!